



CUD COMICS

#6

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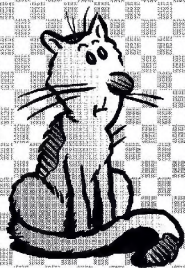
TERRY LABAN'S

# CUD

COMICS™



# TERRY LABAN'S CUD COMICS



I  
HAVE  
A THING  
ABOUT  
INDIAN  
KITSCH. I'M  
IRRESISTIBLY  
DRAWN TO THE KIND OF  
MOCCASIN SHOPS AND  
TRADING POSTS YOU FIND IN  
SMALL TOWNS NEAR TOURIST  
DESTINATIONS, WHERE I FINGER THE  
BEADED NECKLACES, THUMP ON THE  
MINIATURE TOM-TOMS, AND MOVE THE INDIAN  
PRINCESS DOLLS UP AND DOWN TO SEE THEIR EYES  
CLOSE, INHALING THE SHARP TANG OF DEERSKIN SUEDE.

THERE'S A MELANCHOLY TO IT, OF COURSE -- THIRTY  
THOUSAND YEARS OF VARIOUS PEOPLE'S CULTURES REDUCED  
TO PLASTIC TRINKETS, THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES MOST LIKELY  
DEAD, ASSIMILATED, OR LIVING IN TARPAPER SHACKS IN THE MIDDLE  
OF NOWHERE, SURVIVING ON FOOD STAMPS AND WINE. BUT THERE'S  
ROMANCE, TOO -- AND MYSTERY. IT'S NOT THE STUFF ITSELF, BUT WHAT  
IT SIGNIFIES -- A TIME, NOT THAT LONG AGO, WHEN SUCH A MUNDANE AND  
ORDINARY PLACE AS RURAL WISCONSIN WAS MORE THAN TRACTS OF BLACKTOP  
ROADS, SCRAGGLY, SECOND-GROWTH WOODS, STALE, OLD TOWNS, AND FAST-  
FOOD OUTLETS, WHEN A TRIP THERE WAS A JOURNEY TO ANOTHER WORLD, A  
WORLD WHERE PEOPLE DRESSED IN LEATHER, HUNTED DEER, AND PADDED  
QUIETLY UP AND DOWN THE RIVERS IN BIRCH-BARK CANOES, ADMIRING PRISTINE  
LANDMARKS THAT WOULD ONE DAY BE OVERRUN WITH FAMILY VANS AND JET-  
SKIS. OF COURSE, THAT REALITY'S GONE FOREVER, IF IT EVER EXISTED.  
IN ITS PLACE ARE THE INDIAN KITSCH STORES. YOU NEVER SEE THEM IN  
CITIES OR SUBURBS, ONLY IN VACATION SPOTS -- LAKES, CAMPGROUNDS,  
STATE PARKS. THEY LET US KNOW WE'RE AWAY, BEYOND CIVILIZATION.  
FOR IT'S ONLY IN WILD PLACES THAT TOTEM POLES AND WAR-BONNETED  
CHIEFS HACKED FROM TREE STUMPS GUARD THE GAS STATIONS AND  
READI-MARTS. BEADED BELTS, RUBBER TOMAHAWKS, FRINGED  
LEATHER WALLETES -- THEY'RE NOT THE INDIANS' ANYMORE,  
THEY'RE OURS, THE PART OF OURSELVES WE HOPE TO MEET  
WHEN WE GO INTO THE WOODS: AT ONE WITH NATURE,  
WITH FEATHERS IN OUR HAIR, SLIPPING LIKE  
SPIRITS ALONG THE UNMARKED  
FOREST TRAILS.



BY  
**TERRY  
LABAN**

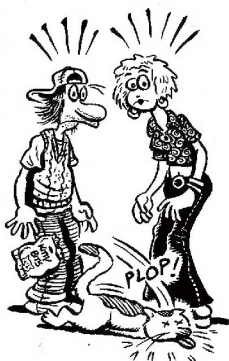
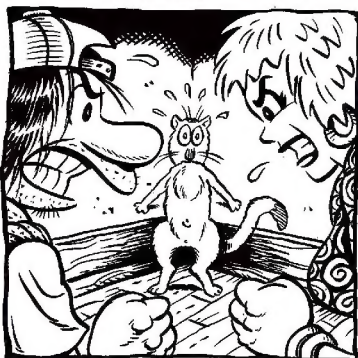
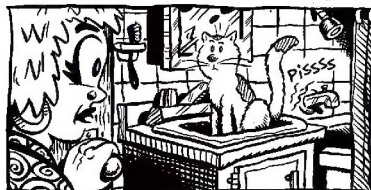
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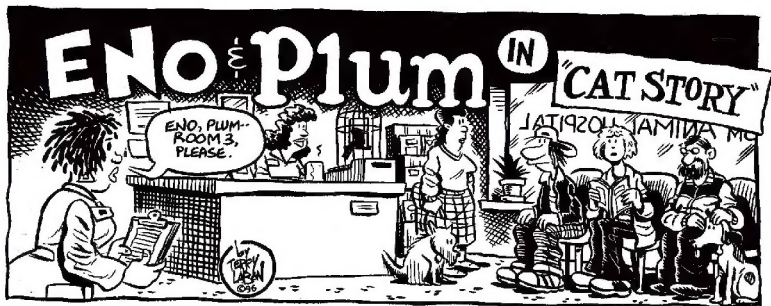
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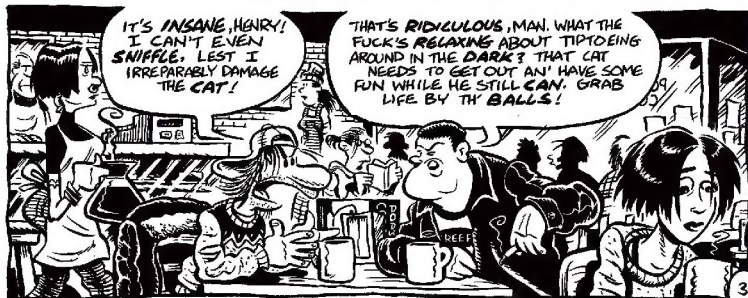
**HABA  
HABA**



**CRUNCH  
CRUNCH**



**BRAP!**





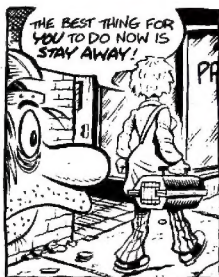
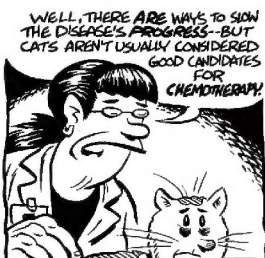
THAT NIGHT...

PEST! WAKE  
UP! WE'RE  
GOIN' OUT!

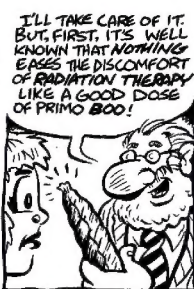


AWRIGHT! BY TH' TIME  
MORNING ROLLS AROUND,  
THIS KITTY'S GONNA FEEL  
BETTER'N  
EVER!

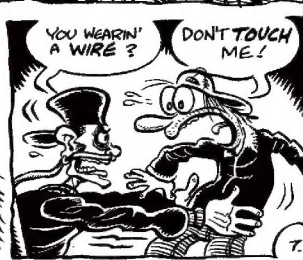
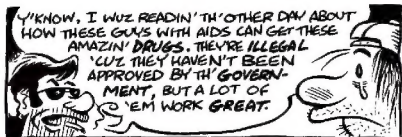






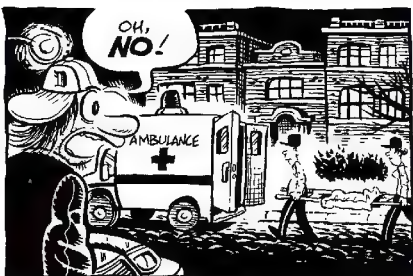












# Epilogue:

DADDY, ENO AND I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW GRATEFUL WE ARE FOR EVERYTHING YOU DID FOR OUR KITTY.

IT WAS MY PLEASURE. HIS QUIET COURAGE, HIS SENSE OF HUMOR, AND HIS CAPACITY FOR SMOKE CAPTURED MY HEART.



MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT YOU AND ENO GOT BACK TOGETHER. I GUESS I'D BE TOO MUCH TO HOPE THAT GRIEF WAS DRIVING YOU APART AGAIN.

OH, NO, DADDY. I THINK WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO ACCEPT THE FACT HE'S GONE FOR GOOD.

IN FACT, EVEN THOUGH WE'LL ALWAYS TREASURE HIS MEMORY, WE'RE FINALLY READY TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP.

NEXT STEP?

YEAH--WE'RE GOING TO GET ANOTHER ONE.



ENO & PLUM'S CAT'S DISTANT ANCESTOR  
by TILMAN ©96





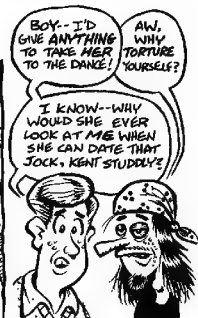
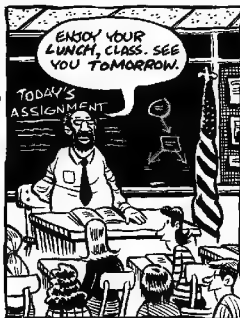
IT'S TOUGH TO BE A TEENAGER IN LOVE AT

# VIOLENT HIGH SCHOOL



by  
TERRY  
LADEN  
©90

IT'S  
THE  
NOON  
HOUR  
AT  
ANYTOWN  
HIGH,  
IN  
ANYTOWN,  
USA...



MEANWHILE...











CONTINUED  
IN  
THIS ISSUE!



DON'T TRY TO PUT ONE OVER ON

# MORITIA SUSPICIA

by TERRY  
LABAN ©96



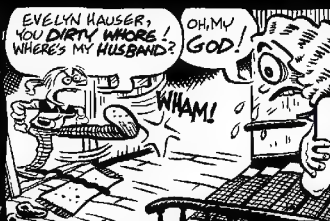
I'LL FIX HIM--AND  
WHOEVER THE SLUT IS HE'S  
SLEEPING WITH!



MY HUSBAND'S GONE  
AGAIN, AND I JUST KNOW  
HE'S WITH SOME FLOOZY!



AHA! THERE'RE  
HIS SHOES, RIGHT  
BY THE NEIGHBORS'  
FRONT DOOR!



EVELYN HAUSER,  
YOU DIRTY WHORE!  
WHERE'S MY HUSBAND?

OH, MY  
GOD!

WHAM!



MORITIA, WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING HERE?  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT!

DON'T LIE TO  
MY FACE--  
HIS SHOES ARE  
RIGHT THERE!



THOSE ARE MY SHOES,  
MORITIA-- I LIKED HANK'S SO MUCH, I  
GOT A PAIR OF MY OWN.

OH!



I'M SO...  
SORRY!

THAT'S OK. NOW, IF  
YOU DON'T MIND, EVELYN  
AND I WERE JUST IN THE  
MIDDLE OF SOME  
PASSIONATE SEX.



IN FACT, AS LONG AS YOU'RE  
HERE ANYWAY-- WHY DON'T  
YOU JOIN US?



I WAS AT THE  
HARDWARE STORE! WHERE  
THE HELL WERE YOU?

END

# LETTERS: TERRY LABAN

PO BOX 607056  
CHICAGO, IL 60660

TerryL3  
@aol.com

Terry —

I've just finished reading **Cud #5**, and once again you've delivered the goods. I especially enjoyed your supposed visit with "Sparky" Schlutz, as well as the Seymour Riverpeace story. Whether Dark Horse realizes it or not, it is lucky to have you and **Cud**. If the comics industry continues to collapse until the playing field is somewhat leveled, accessible humor comics like yours may be one of the few things left capable of attracting the mainstream adult reader. **Cud** is one of the handful of titles out there that sustains my optimism for the future of funnybooks. It also makes me laugh out loud. So, keep up the good work, pal. Sometimes, like at the end of a day like today, it can really make a difference.

Scott Shaw  
Sherman Oaks, CA

Hey, Terry —

I'm not liking what I'm reading in **Cud** these days. Eno and Plum suck cosmic tube steak. I got one chuckle out of the slapstick snot jokes in #4, with Eno's allergies, but come on! I'm dyin' for a laugh here! Plum's dad is the only character I like. Everyone else can drop dead, especially Eno. What an all-around ignorant, selfish,

thoughtless asshole! Plum deserves better. I think she should flush his worthless ass down the toilet and find someone new, preferably someone funny. How about Bob?

David Simmons  
Albany, CA

Yo, Terry —

I am an avid reader of **Cud Comics**, as well as an avid reader of the Talmud. When I saw these two [! — TL] holy sources of inspiration and wisdom intertwined in **Cud #4**, I was so spiritually uplifted that my soul almost left my body.

I am currently a yeshiva student in Jerusalem and was pleased to see that your adaptation of Baruch Ben Dordia's tale was so true to the original. Let Baruch Ben Dordia be an example of how valuable a moment of life is even at old age, for just one hour of sincere repentance got him a place in the world to come. According to the rabbinical commentaries, not only that moment of repentance is counted towards his merit, but also every single prostitute he ever slept with! Each ended up serving as fuel for his repentance and strengthening his desire to get closer to the infinite.

Jeff  
Jerusalem, Israel

Ter —

How nice to walk into Dave's and see a spanking-new **Cud #5**, even though I really wanted a monkey-spanking **Cherry**. Regarding S.A. King, how can Eno be a "typical X-er" when he doesn't smoke or swear constantly? And how do you get "Groundnuts" out of "Peanuts"?

Hugh Shelton  
Centerline, MI

P.S. Plum doesn't wear enough stupid jewelry.

*Your point about Eno is well taken and shoots down King's argument once and for all. "Groundnuts" is what peanuts are called in Africa. And if I put more detail into Plum's jewelry than I do now, I'd never finish this fucking book.*

Hi, Terry LaBan —

I have a ponytail too, but no tattoos or piercings, as I'm allergic to bleeding and pain.

John Mazzelo  
St. Pete, FL

*Hate to say it, John, but you are a pussy. In addition to everything else, I recently had the tip of my right index finger pierced. It hurt like hell at first, but now I get the most exquisite sensations when I pick my nose.*

## PUBERTY



# THE AUTHOR *in* "STOPPING STIFFY" by TERRY LABAN ©96



Terry Laban, society cartoonist, finished off his watercress sandwich as the Bares, his face glowing with the effects of expensive burgundy, accosted him enthusiastically.

"Popping good, that last one, wot?" he spluttered. "Old Penhrynke Carrington with a Bentley up his sprocket. Laughed till I swamped my shikies. Dodge kidneys, wot?"

Searching for an opportunity to excuse himself before the Bares began the inevitable monologue on his latest medical difficulties, Laban spotted his good friend, Roland Tappington-Pastleg, otherwise known as "Poot," frantically motioning to him from the veranda. Laban grabbed a canape and hurriedly made his way outside.

"Great news, old screw!" crowed Poot enthusiastically. "Lu's finally agreed to marry me!"

Laban's spine suddenly felt as if a squirrel were gnawing on it.

"What a surprise!" he laughed. "Is this the same Lu whom you so detested a week ago that you had me agree to do a cartoon about her for the *Times*, in which, using information that only you could know, she's depicted in an extraordinarily unattractive fashion?"

Poot's face betrayed no emotion other than cheerful agreement, an astonishing contrast to the red and veiny countenance that had confronted Laban a mere week ago, after she'd refused his hand in marriage on the basis that he lacked what she'd termed "manly vigor."

"Precisely," he crowed. "Looked frosty there for a bit, but they caught her trying to make off with the groundskeeper Tuesday, and her old man said she could either marry me or spend the next thirty years locked up in the west wing. He's not kidding, either — she had an aunt chained up there for decades. So,



backs like the comic's off. Sorry for the trouble."

"It's not that simple, old crust," replied Laban weakly. "They're printing the paper now."

"Well, get them to stop, can't you?" answered Poot, suddenly agitated. "It'd be bad enough for all London to be laughing at drawings of my Laban committing indecencies with the Eton rowing team, but worse, she'd know it was I who betrayed her confidence!"

Laban retreated to the library, sick

Adapted from the book

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with worry. His editor, Dodson Fingerbare Bluing, was a notorious curmudgeon who'd never stop the presses of the country's most prominent paper to save the reputation of an aristocratic debutante. His desperation mounting, he started as he heard the door latch and looked over to see his butler, Podge.

"Excuse me, sir," Podge said in an even tone, "but I couldn't help noticing you'd left the ballroom in what appeared to be some distress."



LaBan hurriedly explained the situation and was surprised when Podge replied almost immediately.

"May I suggest Duke Broomfanny Earwax, sir? He may have some information that'd help to convince your editor of the wisdom of eliminating the offending feature."

A scant half-hour later, they were in the Duke's rooms at the Coronary Regal, sharing a brandy with the regis- ish old man. Though he'd lost the lower half of his face to a German buzz bomb

in the war, after passing out in a drunken stupor just before an air raid, his eyes still twinkled with good humor. It was rumored he had the goods on nearly everyone.

"Fingerbare Bluing," he croaked through the hole in his neck, "ah, yes. We used to call him 'Stuffy' back in the old days. And not because he was a lady's man, I'm sorry to say. Let's see what's in his file, shall we, gentlemen?"

He rustled through a manila envelope and pulled out several large photos, a bit fuzzy, but clear enough to shock LaBan, used to thinking of his editor as a self-righteous prude with the sexuality of a washing machine.

"Good lord!" he choked. "Where did you get these?"

"There was a park near my club where, late in the evening, one could find what's known in certain circles as 'rough trade.' Frightful fellows, aren't they? I'm surprised he survived it, though it's clear from his expression he's having the time of his life. Anyhow, you're welcome to borrow them. Anything to help a young lady in need."

There was a bit of a row the next day when the morning *Times* wasn't delivered till nearly three in the afternoon. But the featured cartoon didn't concern the misadventures of a certain Miss Labidea Kittenhair Hashmonkey, of the Bibshire Hashmonkeys, but, instead, a somewhat lame reprint of a comic that'd run just a few weeks before, about the health problems of a Baron, that no one had found very interesting the first time.

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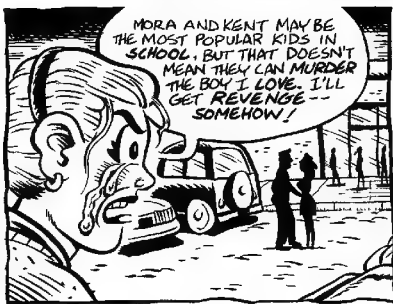
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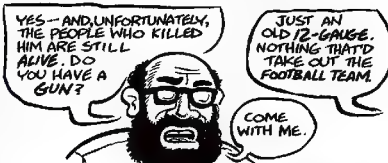
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# VIOLENT HIGH SCHOOL

PART II

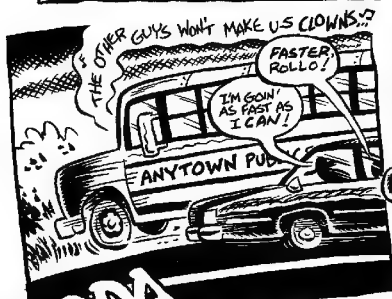


Soon...





MEANWHILE









# P L U G S

SEND 'EM  
TO:

TERRY  
LABAN  
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CHICAGO, IL  
60660

**The King of Persia** (\$4.95 from Accordion Press, PO Box 49751, Austin, TX 78765) I hate being called "underappreciated," but if the term applies to anyone, it's Walt Holcombe, who's labored in the vineyards a good while now with nothing like the sort of acclaim he deserves. **The King of Persia** ought to remedy that. Beautifully produced with the aid of a Xeric Grant in the form of a 60-page paperback, it's an odd and beautiful fairy tale set in an Arabian nights-derived landscape populated by a lovelorn, cigar-smoking king, a farting jinn, lovely maidens, and camels with noses like bubble pipes, all drawn in a lovely, loopy style that bears looking at over and over again. Walt's apparently so humble that he doesn't put his name anywhere on the book but the indicia, but he ought to be proud of this one. Buy it.

**Spud Comics #1** (\$4.00 ppd. from The Spud Press, PO Box 4673, Philadelphia, PA 19127) There've been a lot of comics about the Catholic experience, but none quite like this. Art Baxter's Catholic kids, drawn in a broad, cartoony style, roam through gritty, old city neighborhoods, haunted by religion and each other — and it's funny every time. I'm surprised to say this, but I found the first story, "The Awful Dolls of Sister Agnes," to be the most affecting depiction of Catholic guilt since Justin Green's **Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary**, even though it's not at all the same sort of thing.

By the way, **Binky Brown's** out in paperback now — I'd urge you to get it forthwith.

**Top Shelf** (\$5.00 from Primal Groove Press, PO Box 15125, Portland, OR 97293-5125) It's hard to find a good anthology, but I'd say this one fits the bill. Beautifully produced with four-color covers and 40 interior pages, **Top Shelf** features a mix of pretty-well-knowns and up-and-comers. There's some dross, but the best of the stories are excellent and the worst are at least coherent, which is saying quite a bit for this kind of book.

**Chrispy Bacon #1-2** (\$1.50 each from Chris Howard, PO Box 63, Station P, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5S 2S6) For better or worse, "autobiographical" comics are usually self-indulgent pity-parties, with stories that are a lot less interesting than the author thinks. **Chrispy Bacon** isn't exactly an exception, but it does have the added twist of all the characters being drawn in the style of **Peanuts**. The effect of people in their 20s portrayed as three-foot-high, pumpkin-headed children is intriguing and disconcerting, especially when the author depicts himself and his girlfriend in bed. The story, which involves Mr. Howard's anxiety about whether or not to marry his girlfriend, is reasonably engaging and well written, but it's the between-the-lines stuff that makes this a treat. *For God's sake, girls — don't date cartoonists!*



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